Am *I* wise? am I polliticke? am *I* Matchauil?
Shall *I* lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall *I* lose my parson, my sir *Hu?*
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. *I* begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doc. *I* dat be vell begar *I* be friends. (*Exit omnes*

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he should come to my
Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house,
Or *I* am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page I* hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne?* *Pa.*

Pa. You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Host. But what say you to yong Maister *Fenton?*
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my cõsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. *Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister
Doctor. (two:

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I shal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for shame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
Wooing at Maister *Pages:*

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Host Ile to my honest knight sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. *I* warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*

Mis. Ford